

**Tigers With Pin Stripes**

On the steps of "Old North" at Princeton University, steps worn by the feet of a Continental Congress, George Washington, a British garrison fleeing in uncontrollable haste, Woodrow Wilson, there gathers now, as for decades past, the senior class to sing in the



**John Foster Dulles**  
as a Senior in 1908.

mellow twilight of springtime, and one of their songs is entitled "Where, Oh Where?" with the final chorus:

*Where, Oh Where are the grave old Seniors?*

*Safe now in the wide, wide world.  
They've gone out from their Alma Mater,  
Safe now in the wide, wide world.*

One of those seniors is your own David Lawrence, safe now in the upper left-hand corner of the page opposite. But, ah, some of the others . . . as safe as high-octane gas in immediate range of an electric spark! I call a partial roster . . . John Foster Dulles, Allen W. Dulles, Don B. Lourie, George F. Kennan, Livingston T. Merchant, Charles D. Jackson, William H. Jackson, H. Chapman Rose, Emmet J. Hughes, first string on the first platoon of the new administration. "Safe now in the wide wide world"! Oh, yeah?

Gaze upon their photographs taken in senior year at Old Nassau, and ponder well, ye who read, and, mayhap, get out those old photographs of the wedding party and Johnnie and Susie when they were children. Relax for a few minutes the trying tension of these times, and even say a prayer for these "grave old seniors of Princeton safe now in the wide, wide world." Because I rather suspect that no inconsiderable part of our own individual and the Nation's safety rests with them.

And what may we, we who charged these men with their new hazards by our votes in November, expect, yes even demand of them? Let me answer from a page of Princeton history, which was an immediate, living document to two of them, and a vital, inspiring experience and tradition to the others. It is something known as "the Princeton spirit" . . . and none said it better than Woodrow Wilson:

"It is this community of feeling and action, this sense of close comradeship among the undergraduates not only, but also between the undergraduates and the faculty, that constitutes the spirit of the place and makes its ideals and aspirations part of thought and action. It naturally follows, too, that graduates never feel their connection with the place and its life entirely broken, but return again and again to renew their old associations, and are consulted at every critical turn in its affairs. Such comradeship in affairs, moreover, breeds democracy inevitably. Democracy, the absence of social distinctions, the treatment of every man according to his merits, his most serviceable qualities, and most likable traits, is of the essence of such a place, its most cherished characteristic. It lives



**Allen W. Dulles**  
of the Class of 1914.

and grows by comradeship and community of thought, a devotion at once ideal and touched with passion. It is the genius of the place."

In the field of public affairs, it is summed up simply and quietly as "Princeton for the Nation's service."

They probably will be going back in June to come to their class reunions, and facing a congressional committee across a table is as nothing to the swift leveling-down of that class encounter, and leveling-up by their judgment.

Thomas Quinn Bessley.